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THE
FEMALE CONGRESS;
OR, THE
TEMPLE OF COTYTTO:
A K
MOCK HEROIC POEM,
IN FOUR CANTOS.

Hail, goddesses of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd *Cotytto*, t' whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,
Who ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon-womb
Of *Stygian* darkness spits her thickest gloom.—

MILTON.



L O N D O N:

Printed for T. DAVIES, RUSSEL-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.
MDCCLXXIX.

Duplicate

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FEMALE CONGRESS;
OR THE
TEMPLE OF COTYTO:
A
MOCK HEROIC POEM,
IN FOUR CANTOS.

Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veiled Goddess, whose secret flame
Of midnight torches burns in caverns damp,
Who never art call'd, but when the dragon wags
Of slyest darkness, and his thick'ning gloom
Milton.



XXIX

Printed for T. D.

the Strand, near St. Dunstons Church.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I May perhaps incur the charge of vanity, by prefixing an apology to a trifle, which does not deserve, and may not be thought to require one: but, some passages in this little work are liable to misrepresentation; and I would much rather be esteemed vain, than capable of the slightest irreverence, towards the fair sex, or religion. If, then, I should seem to have struck out some portraits, that are touched with a pencil too bold and free, my reader will please to accept the following excuse.

The great end of poetry should be to serve the cause of morality and religion; and writers, who neglect this end, pervert and misapply their talents. The comic poet promotes virtue, by throwing the enchanted veil of fancy over the unpopular character of a censor, and reconciling people to the unpalatableness of a reprimand. Many men are betrayed by their vanity to the practice of vice, in order to be in the fashion, who, had they consulted merely their own feelings, had remained virtuous, or harmless at least: To such, Satire applies herself; and, by holding forth to them the ridicule attendant on criminal excesses, makes their vanity an antidote against its own poison.

Where the manners happen to be very scandalous, and the prevailing vices of the age of a very impure die, satire must often rise discoloured from its subject, and seem to border nearly on licentiousness.

centiousness. *Juvenal*, with the best intentions in the world, has let fall many things shocking enough to a modest ear. In condemning satire for its freedom, people are too apt to forget its end, and the persons to whom it is address'd; and, at the very moment when it is reflecting the image of deformity, they are angry that the figure is indecent, or ungraceful. Satire is not intended for the innocent and spotless, but the vicious and contaminated, to whom pictures of depravity are no novelty; were it always to preserve such decorum and chastity as not to disgust the former, it might want force and poignancy to strike the latter; and so sacrifice the reformation of those to whom it is necessary, to the fear of displeasing those to whom it is unnecessary. Should the chaste virgin at any time meet with expressions or images in the works of the satirist, that wound her delicacy, let her recollect, that the painting was not designed for her inspection, and

and that it is exhibited only as an object of detestation and contempt.

The following sheets are the produce of an idle week, stolen from serious occupations, and were at first written merely for my own amusement; but all our literary amusements, at least, should be directed to some useful purpose; and I hope I may be allowed, without vanity, to assert that, in the following lines, I sincerely meant to serve the cause of virtue and religion, by exposing to ridicule, the parade of profligacy, and more culpable simulation of godliness.

The frequent violations of the marriage bed, and the rising licentiousness of female manners, which in our days have dishonoured *Britain*, must fill every man of sobriety and decency, every lover of retirement and domestic comfort, with the most poignant indignation and regret; they must be attended

tended with proportionable debauchery among the men, deterred from marriage by the corruption of women; and they but too nearly resemble the melancholy pictures of the manners, that preceded and produced the fall of *Rome*.

Methodism and immorality have been propagated with equal success, in this age. The adherents of vice may be divided into two classes; those, who have fairly got rid of all scruples, and, with a refined shamelessness, openly avow their inventive and *recherchée* profligacy; and those, who, misled, or misleading, by enthusiastic fervours, pursue their pleasures under the mask of superior sanctity and divine inspiration.---These two classes, though dissimilar in outward appearance, and actuated by mutual hatred and contempt, scarce differ in reality; equally corrupted, the first enhance their guilt, by want of shame; the latter, by hypocrisy; they propose to themselves one common end, im-

pünity in the practice of vice, and persue it by contrary means; the first, attempt to bully and overawe the public, and make vice the fashion; the latter hope to defy the censorious, by an affectation of superior piety.

By contrasting these two sets of people, I meant to render them equally odious; I chose the form of a Mock Heroic Poem to bribe the attention of my reader; and I have avoided, throughout, all allusion to particular persons. How I have succeeded I know not; the candid will allow me the merit of a good intention.

Non fu mai d'atto osceno oggetto
Che privi a gli occhi non si dipinga.
Sembianti di lascivia e di diletto,
Simulacri de Vezzo e di lusinga,
Trefulli, amor, o firmi il guazzo, o gioi,
Gli son sempre presenti ovunque mini.

MARINI

Non fu mai d'atto osceno oggetto
Che quivi a gli occhi non si dipinga.
Sembianti di lascivia e di diletto,
Simulachri de Vezzo e di lusinga,
Traftulli, amori, o firmi il guardo, o giri,
Gli son sempre presenti ovunque miri.

MARINI.

THE
FEMALE CONGRESS;
OR, THE
TEMPLE OF COTYTTO.

CANTO THE FIRST.

RELIGIOUS furies, and the *B--w-ft---t* train,
The *female Congress*, and *Cotytto's* fane ;
Wars, horrid wars I sing, and gentle love,
And twofold fights, where hardy *Chairmen* strove.
Oh plunge me, Phœbus ! in *Pierian* streams,
And make my numbers worthy of my themes ;
That ev'ry dame may love to latest times,
And ev'ry *Chairman* live in lofty rhymes.

Where *London*, haughty bride of ocean, stands,
 Fraught with the treasures of a thousand lands, 10
 And boasts her pious kings, aerial spires,
 Her wealthy merchants and poetic fires,
 In that blest region, where to purer air,
 The *place* and *square*, sublimer souls repair,
 Who seldom pay their debts, and roll afar
 From hated creditors, the gilded car;
 Within a temple rais'd by potent spells,
 In pomp barbaric, dark *Cotytto* dwells.
 A murky queen, she flies the chearful day,
 Yet wide her rule, and mighty is her sway. 20
 From eyes profane, a broad and lofty mound
 Conceal'd the cincture of her chosen ground:
 A single wicket, hid from vulgar view,
 An entrance yielded to the favour'd few.
 Within, the temple rose, a gorgeous frame
 Of jetty lava from *Vesuvio's* flame;
 And tower'd aloft in meretricious stile,
 A mingled Roman, Grecian, Eastern pile.
 The mighty columns shone, a glaring mass
 Of kindling sulphur and Corinthian brass. 30

Their

Their order too, bespake the town unchaste,
 For am'rous feat renown'd in ages past ;
 Save that the capitals nor foliage crown'd,
 Nor vines nor ivy wreath'd the clusters round.
 Far other sculptures ev'ry pillar grac'd,
 In order meet mysterious figures plac'd.
 Such were the symbols, as in days of yore
 The trophy'd columns of *Sesostris* bore ;
 And quaint device was grav'd, and form of love,
 On pedestal below, and frieze above. 40
 For years on years the gazer's eye might roam,
 And find new wonders in th' enchanted dome.

Comus and *Circe* by the portal stand,
 To welcome strangers with their cup and wand.
 With leaden eyes that ever love the floor,
 The god of silence guards the trusty door.
 On softest carpets *Sloth* within was laid,
 And beds and couches were around display'd ;
 The sportful *Flora* heap'd her sweetest flow'rs,
 And naked satyrs trim'd sequester'd bow'rs. 50

High-rear'd the youth of *Lampsacus* was seen,
 The child of Bacchus and the Paphian queen.
 With kindling eyes and throbbing breasts, a croud
 Of pious dames before his standard bow'd.
 Naked were all th' attendants, or array'd
 In gauze, that while it veil'd but more display'd.
 The goat and monkey sported o'er the ground,
 And wanton sparrows skimm'd in airy round ;
 The *Cantbaris* that loves th' *Hesperian* plain,
 With airy hummings footh'd the gladsome train. 60
 There might you see old *Aretine* advance,
 The feast to marshal, and direct the dance ;
 Here foul *Torrentius* * with his pencil stands,
 To sketch polluted lectures for the bands.
 Ten thousand mirrors o'er the walls were bright,
 Ten thousand tapers pour'd a flood of light ;
 Where'er his eyes th' astonish'd stranger threw,
 Reflected pleasures struck his kindling view.
 Responsive gurgling to the matron's sighs,
 Ten thousand founts of cordial waters rise, 70

* See an account of him in Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting* ; his infamous works, and miserable end.

Then fall in lavers of Etruscan ware,
Where lovers rolling steep their am'rous care.

In speaking tints, the painted cieling told
Cotytto's triumphs in the years of old.
Her lov'd *Canopus* in perspective seen ;
Th' unnumber'd husbands of th' *Assyrian* queen ;
The beds, the blisful bow'rs, for *Ninus* drest ;
How *Myrrha* burn'd ; how glow'd *Pasiphae's* breast ;
Idume there, her palmy vale displays,
And dames of *Palestine* their orgies raise ;
And here, from *Caprea's* rocky winding caves,
The lustful tyrant sways his trembling slaves,
Thro' new delights th' inventive *Spintrix* roam,
And *Elephantis* holds th' instructive tome ;
Here livelong nights amidst the venal band,
Th' imperial harlot takes her public stand :
The guilty scenes that stain the Roman page,
Poppæa's softness and *Fauslina's* rage ;
The vile extremes of *Bassianus's* life,
By turns a husband, and by turns a wife ;

80

90

How *Borgia* mix'd the lover and the fire,
 Parental fondness, and incestuous fire ;
 All this and more the gay compartments show,
 Instructive lesson to the train below.

The train below th' instructive lesson caught,
 And freely acted what the pencil taught.

Within a nook retir'd the goddess dwelt,

Her form they view'd not, but her influence felt.

Eternal night th' unseemly pow'r conceal'd,

Yet mortals found her in her works reveal'd.

100

Where such the temple rear'd it's gorgeous pride,

A votive band with stealthy footsteps hied ;

(The day-star flumber'd in his ocean bed,*

The moon thro' clouds a doubtful lustre shed)—

Gorgopis, *Lycis*, with *Cynopis* old,

Bacchante frolic, and *Thalestris* bold ;

Fair *Hippia*, that domestic shame disdains,

And hunts for infamy on distant plains,

* Milton *Lycid.*

To lifted fields the torch of Venus bears,
 And loves with cannon thund'ring in her ears, 110
 Till common ftales, that quench the foldiers flame,
 Stand wond'ring at her bold contempt of shame ;
Atossa, newly freed from nuptial vows,
 And fell *Locusta*, murders of her spouse ;
 Flush'd with the fires their hardy mother gave,
 The pert *Porneia*, *Philomifge* grave ;
 Demure *Berintbia*, and *Flippante* gay,
 Fam'd for her perfum'd lacqueys' long array ;
 The brown *Andromana*, whose prurient mind
 Glows with the gen'ral love of all mankind ; 120
Aspasia wanton, with *Glycerias* young,
 And proud *Diabolis*, by poets fung.
 The chaste *Diana* ficken'd at the view,
 And as the matrons paff, her light withdrew.

An antient Sibyl prieftefs of the fane,
 With hollow murmur greets the pious train ;
 Haggard—for stormy paffions broke her reft,
 Her eye diftorted, and convuls'd her breaft ;

Such hideous hags the flumb'ring fwain bestride,
When wicked dreams the curtain'd sleep * deride. 130

“ Welcome thrice welcome ! 'tis the solemn hour :

“ *Cotytto* calls us from her mystic bow'r.

“ Again she calls—in cadence beat the ground ;

“ Surround the temple, thrice three times furround :”

She fill'd for each a mighty bowl of wine ;

Deep, deep, they pledg'd her at the secret shrine ;

She fill'd again, they pledg'd her o'er and o'er ;

And as they drank, they thirsted still for more.

Then forms seem'd double, to th' enraptur'd croud ;

The temple whirl'd around, they shriek'd aloud ; 140

While o'er them *Comus* wav'd his potent wand,

With drunken rage to fire the madding band.

The hag to all assigns their various parts ;

And wondrous spells and mystic love imparts,

Each antic posture to the goddess dear,

Each sound unhallow'd, pleasing to her ear.

“ Haste, mother, haste ! (fair *Philomisge* cry'd)

“ Our lov'd associates to the revel guide.

* Shakspeare.

" To guide our chairmen, mother, haste away ;

" The time flies idle while the youths delay.

150

" Without our chairmen lifeless were the rite,

" Without our chairmen joyless were the night."

With eager lips the vestals caught the sounds,

And "*Chairmen, Chairmen*" through the dome rebounds,

Loud as *Alcides* to his *Hylas* cry'd,

And *Hylas, Hylas*, all the woods reply'd.

The youths the summons, nor unheeded calls,

The brawny squadron seeks the well-known walls ;

The near *Pantheon* they, *Cornelys'* fane,

The proud *Piazza* leave, and *Drury-lane*.

160

With *Paddy* blooming, came *O Connor* strong,

And *Thady* fam'd for bagpipe and the song ;

Young *Phelim*, dearest lad from *Shannon's* side,

And red-hair'd *Sawney* from the *Braes of Clyde* ;

Macpherson was he call'd, no vulgar name ;

The vig'rous youth, from loins of *Ossian* came.

The guests, uncouth mysterious homage paid ;

The hag round each, the due lustrations made.

D

And

And thrice three times she touch'd their breasts with flame,
 And thrice three times invok'd *Cotyto's* name ; 170
 Satyrion then she gave to all the band,
 And plac'd a Talisman in ev'ry hand ;
 A figure known by antiquarian tribes,
 Which *Meursius* saw, and *Beverland* describes.—
 Then, all the train the present Goddess found,
 And smoke and blackness wrapt their orgies round.
 Less foul the rout, when *Pentheus'* starting eyes
 Saw double Suns, and double Thebes arise.
 No forms of decency, no sense of shame ;
 Strange spectres hover'd, glimm'ring azure flame ; 180
 Strange sounds were heard thro' all th' infuriate croud,
 Now softly murmur'd and now bursting loud.—
 But never be their rites by Poet sung ;
 Eternal silence bind the conscious tongue.
 May never lyre in guilty numbers bear
 Th' unholy wonders to the modest ear ;
 Nor painter's hand corrupt the virgin's sight,
 Or stain his canvass with the darkling rite.

The weary train, this act of worship past,
 With eager footsteps to the banquet haste. 190
 The glutton pow'rs display'd their various hoard,
 And drunken rage presided at the board.
 When thus the Hag—" 'tis now the solemn hour,
 " With choral warblings praise the bounteous pow'r;
 " My children, pray the pow'r in awful song,
 " To send champagne, and send us chairmen long."
 Prompt at her word, the bursting hymn was troll'd,
 From tongue to tongue the pealing anthem roll'd,
 Like many waters roaring from afar,
 Or many pleaders at the stormy bar. 200
 " Hail, *Bacchus* ! *Bacchus* ! planter of the vine ;
 " And hail, *Cotytto* ! from thy mystic shrine.
 " All hail, *Cotytto* ! Empress of the night,
 " With *Bacchus* ever join thy mystic rite.
 " Come, fill, possess, and animate each dame,
 " From ev'ry virtue freed, and ev'ry shame ;
 " Come, mighty queen, to fill thy vot'ries, haste,
 " And bid the future emulate the past.
 " Our glorious thirst no vulgar pleasures flake,
 " Our joys from guilt their very being take. 210

" Behold

- “ Behold we offer at thy mystic shrine,
“ All ties, all duties, human and divine ;
“ Child, husband, parent scorn'd ;---our god defy'd ;
“ And last and greatest sacrifice, our pride.
“ All hail, *Cotytto* ! hail in mystic song,
“ Oh ! send champaigne, and send us chairmen long ;
“ All hail, *Cotytto* ! Empress of the night,
“ With *Bacchus* ever join thy mystic rite.
“ What rising flames !---again th' informing pow'r---
“ Again my sisters,---'tis the solemn hour--- 220
“ Hark ! hark ! *Cotytto* calls---her genial sway---
“ We feel, we feel thee---and thy call obey.”

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

C A N T O T H E S E C O N D.

A G A I N they sung, again the rites renew'd,
 But pow'rs malign the wond'rous orgies view'd;
 A dull, unkind, ungenial influence reign'd;
 For leaden Saturn had th' ascendant gain'd.
 Ah frail and fleeting state of human things,
 How soon do pleasures spread th' inconstant wings!
 Ev'n when we gain the ladder's topmost round,
 Relentless Fortune hurls us to the ground.
 To blast *Cotytto's* reign, a baleful pow'r,
 The fury *Methodism*, deserts her bow'r;
 Queen of the holy leer, and squinting eye,
 To fields and woods her vagrant preachers fly,
 Where men and maids like *little children* rove,
 And give the kifs of peace in ev'ry grove.

'Twas in *Moorfields*, and nigh the proud retreat
 Where moody Madness holds her wayward feat,
 The goddess stabled, in a gloomy den,
 Obscene, impervious to the steps of men ;
 Save to th' elect, who led by inward spark,
 And light of grace, saw clearest in the dark. 20
 Nor comb, nor mirrour, in th' abode was seen,
 Nor female trappings deck'd th' unseemly queen :
 Her matted hair all rough and squalid hung,
 A tatter'd robe was o'er her shoulders flung ;
 What decency commands, it scarce conceal'd,
 And many a yawning rent her skin reveal'd.
 Yet thus uncouth, she kindled am'rous fire,
 Her children view'd her with impure desire.
 Some she rejects ; as maniac furies guide,
 They knit the noose ; and round her cave they dy'd. 30

Robes, habits, masks were on the pavement strown,
 Gloves, bracelets, fans, in wild disorder thrown,
 Rings, trinkets, diamonds, foils, and pearly shells,
 A magazine, to deck ten thousand belles ;

Whatever

Whatever vanity, by fashion taught,
 To grace that charming toy, a female, wrought :
 She trampled some, and some to fragments tore,
 And ev'ry wind the shining atoms bore.
 One eye, was heav'n-ward rais'd with frantic air ;
 And one, was downward cast in fell despair ; 40
 And now, she proudly swell'd ; and now, a gust
 Of abject meekness roll'd her in the dust :
 Alternate passions in her bosom rise ;
 Alternate visions float before her eyes.
 Now solid earth her working fancy rends,
 The grave is open'd, and the ghost ascends ;
 Her madding soul recoils with hideous fear,
 Hell flames before her, and the fiends appear :
 Again her soul, dissolv'd in seas of love.
Elijah's raven fees, and *Noah's* dove ; 50
 And ev'ry puddle, then, is *Jordan's* stream,
 Where babes of *Sion* hymn the mystic theme ;
 Her turning head with beamy light is crown'd,
 And am'rous angels lift her from the ground.

Around the cave were pil'd ten thousand reams,
 Mysterious nonsense, and bewilder'd dreams ;
 Effusions, breathings, heavings of the breast,
 Celestial manna godly souls to feast ;
 Hymns, manuals, psalms, where flesh and spirit strove,
 And prayers to God were breath'd in carnal love, 60
 When soul desires the hour of worship stain'd,
 And blasphemous devotions Heav'n profan'd.
 A simple croud possess the dreary cave,
 And sing exulting, or despairing rave :
 A busy spectre at the portal plies,
 To knit a bandage o'er their darken'd eyes ;
 Her straining eye-balls only show'd the white,
 Their sight was inly turn'd for mystic light ;
 To nature blind, thro' new creation rang'd,
 Distorted forms, fantastic, false and chang'd. 70
 A second subtle sprite, with nimble hand,
 Purloin'd the purses of the hood-wink'd band.
 With cold and famine pinch'd, the blinded croud
 At awful distance in the cavern bow'd ;
 Their knees with prayers were fretted to the bone,
 And hollow prints were worn in ev'ry stone.

Far other hours their jocund pastors knew ;
 And diff'rent far, their downy vigils flew.
 A stately hall behind the cavern lay ;
 And happy they, who found the secret way.
 The elected few the winding passage trod,
 Who dar'd to make a pander of their God. 80
 Within, the banquet was profusely laid,
 A thousand off'rings by the vulgar paid ;
 A thousand cates, a thousand cordial wines,
 To cheer the zealous dames and grave divines ;
 While lamps and tapers cast a funny glare,
 And fires of cedar warm'd the midnight air.
 There, novel fancy heighten'd old desires ;
 Religious fervours aided am'rous fires.
 Constrain'd and pent, beneath the grave disguise, 90
 To double gusto poignant pleasures rise ;
 When looks austere the shades of night remove,
 And uncontroll'd and free the godly love.
 Confinement thus, for many a circling year,
 To nobler zest sublimes the bottled beer.

For many a poor-box heap'd, a mighty hoard
 Of counted gold was in a corner stor'd ;
 An idiot's cap and bells were grav'd above ;
 Around were couches spread for feasts of love.
 Plac'd in a nook the form of *Boccold* * stood,
 A sooty figure carv'd of knotty wood.
 His wives were sculptur'd round ; above, below.
 The maid's dishonour and the parent's woe ;
 Her lov'd *Moravians*, their religious heats,
 Their fancy'd kingdoms and their am'rous feats.
 Pourtray'd on canvass or in bronzes cast,
 Were seen the pious frauds of ages past :
 How crafty priests the dark prediction gave ;
 (The vocal forest nods ; the sibyls rave ;)
 The *Lybian* oracle, *Dodona's* grove,
 The dreams of *Numa*, with *Egeria's* love.
 There mourn'd the fire his *Iphigenia* slain ;
 Here *Taurian Dian* rear'd her cruel fane.
 Here were the pageants of *Eleusis* seen ;
 There priests of *Cybel* bled around their queen.

* Commonly called *John* of *Leyden*.

At *Punic* shrines the human victims stood ;
 And *Moloch* rose besmear'd with infant blood.
 There *Druids*, there the priests of *Odin* stand,
 And seem to chaunt around the captive band ; 120
 Here *Indus* blushes with reflected pyres,
 And *Bramins* fatten as the dame expires,

Then softer scenes refresh the weary sight,
 The *Cyprian* temple, and the wanton rite :
 From hill to hill the midnight off'rings flame,
 And sensual *Peor* wakes the *Jewish* dame.
Astarte there her guilty pageant shows,
 Where *Hermon* rises, and where *Arnon* flows ;
 And *Syrian* maids adore the *crescent Horn*,
 Where stately palms *Orontes'* fides adorn. 130
 Where bright *Asopus* laves the *Aonian* plain,
 The young *Lycæus* fires his vagrant train ;
 Then *Io ! Io !* maids and matrons rove
 The caves, the mountains, and the conscious grove.
 Here, artful miners pierc'd the hallow'd ground ;
 And priests and nuns the winding passage found.

Here,

Here, too, was *Barton* with her fond compeer,*
 Nor last in love, the trances of *Cadiere*.
 There, too, had *Whitefield* stood in bold relief;
 But, ah! the sculptor's eyes were dimm'd with grief.— 140
 He grasp'd the chissel thrice, but grasp'd in vain,
 To grave his wand'rings o'er th' *Atlantic* main;
 How wept *King's Place*, how *Covent-Garden* mourn'd,
 How holy *Magdalens* their Saint inurn'd.—

Such was the cave;—but now, nor flowing bowl,
 Nor feast, nor cave, could charm the goddess' foul.

“ Is this a time to feast?—behold, behold!

“ Yon wolf would snatch the lambkins from my fold.

“ Away! away!—behold *Cotytto* stands,

“ And waves her banner o'er th' anointed bands. 150

“ Hence, witch of *Endor*! Evil One, away!

“ Was it for this I seem'd to fast and pray?

“ Monster accurst! I see the rites begin.—

“ Ah wilt thou buffet little-ones with sin?

* One *Masters*, a Jesuit.

“ Come,

- “ Come, daughters, come ! the men of *Belial* leave ;
 “ Come, daughters, come ! and to your teachers cleave.
 “ Were ye for this, to wilds and desarts led ?
 “ Was it for this the feast of love I spread ?
 “ Can brawny chairmen like my teachers move ?
 “ Or vies *Cotyto*’s board with *feast of love* ? 160
 “ Why will ye glory thus in open shame ?
 “ Is there not profit in a godly name ?
 “ It shades th’ elected, like *Idume*’s palm ;—
 “ ’Tis spice of *Lebanon*, and *Gilead*’s balm ;
 “ ’Tis sweet as Manna, thro’ the *Desert* found ;
 “ ’Tis precious ointment to the fland’rous wound ;
 “ It kindly oils the creaking hinge of love,
 “ Can give the pleasure, yet the shame remove.
 “ Come, hide your vices with a decent skill,
 “ And live with me, as wicked as you will : 170
 “ So shall my pow’r the stealths of love befriend,
 “ And faintly looks to secret finners lend ;
 “ When youth and beauty fail, inflame the heart,
 “ And am’rous fires to godly dames impart.—
 “ Should broad parade of open shame prevail,
 “ My chapels moulder, and my off’rings fail.

" What vig'rous youth for me shall crop his hair ?
 " What wanton dame resort to morning pray'r ?
 " Perish the thought !---Revenge---Revenge betide."
 With mental eyes the *Scottish* loon she spy'd. 180
 " Behold the man, ordain'd by *Jove's* decree ;
 " Yon *Scotchman*, born for vengeance and for me ;
 " Fit engine to my wish, the god of gain,
 " My dear ally, shall fire the venal swain."

The goddesses straight her murky weed forsakes ;
 A hoary preacher's rev'rend form she takes ;
 The flowing silver o'er her shoulders spread,
 And fourscore winters whiten'd on her head ;
 Her weary back a pastor's duty bow'd ;
 She pass'd in form a *Westley* through the croud. 190
Mammon she fought, and soon the dotard found,
 Where brokers, Jews, and scriv'ners hem'd him round.
 Stamm'ring he dealt his stern rapacious laws,
 (A votive wretch they fleec'd at ev'ry pause)
 What gain *Discount*, and what *Insurance* yields ;
 How parchment scraps enclose the minor's fields ;

How

How *stocks* to-day may fall by gloomy lies,
 By fabled triumph on the morrow rise.
Consol was written o'er his head in gold,
Scrip, omnium, three per cents, both new and old. 200
 With eye-less bounty, gold around he threw ;
 And men were wealthy where the treasures flew.
 A lott'ry wheel was in a corner turn'd ;
 And, as the blanks were told, th' adorers mourn'd.
 Bank-notes for tap'stry all th' apartment lin'd,
 The filmy texture wanton'd in the wind.
 Here long perspectives chests of gold disclose ;
 There heap'd in piles Exchequer tallies rose.
 Ten thousands busy clerks on ev'ry side
 The ready pen with flying fingers guide ; 210
 Some bulky *Ledgers* post, and others scrawl
 The parchment-chains, that property enthrall.—

The Goddess enter'd, and an eager crew
 Of *Israel's* sons around the stranger flew,
 With *charter-parties, contracts* for supply,
Debentures, sales, and bonds of bottomry.

Loud was the din ;—the goddess onward prest,
 She past the croud, and thus the throne addrest.

“ If e’er my frauds befriended *Mammon*’s train,

“ Or pious semblance swell’d thy arts of gain ; 220

“ If looks demure and godly speech I taught,

“ That antient maid and wealthy widow caught ;

“ With silent growth if princely fortunes rise,

“ On orphan wards and trusted charities,---

“ *Cotytto* threatens my ruin,---let thy pow’r

“ Sustain a sister in this fatal hour.

“ An easy labour shall my reign secure ;

“ Let offered pelf a *Scottish* soul allure.

“ Haste, *Mammon* ! haste, the venal mind enthrall,

“ And soon *Cotytto* and her fane shall fall.” 230

Pleas’d with the task, the wayward godhead cries,

“ Sister, enough ! obedient *Mammon* flies.

“ Not earth, nor sea, nor airy wilds can show

“ A queen more honour’d by the fiends below.

“ Thy boon is granted, think thy bidding done ;

“ Exult in vengeance ere to-morrow’s fun.”

C A N T O T H E T H I R D .

IN human things, there is a secret tide,
 And ruling gods the flux and reflux guide.
 Shall impious man against the torrent strive,
 When pow'rs above th' almighty bias give?

To *Broad Saint Giles's*, where *Macpherson* lay,
Mammon, a guest unwonted, took his way;
 And lofty garret search'd, and cellar deep,
 Where trulls and taylor's painful vigils keep,
 And many a scene explor'd of humble sin,
 Where tatter'd lovers bath'd their cares in gin.
 In airy citadel the youth he found,
 The toils of night, in morning sleep he drown'd;
 The youth, whose might *Cotyto's* smiles approv'd,
 A countess honour'd, and a dutchess lov'd.

In dreams, he wafted *Charley* o'er the main,
 He saw the king possess his own again ;
 And loudly snor'd, as when, in crannies pent,
 Th' imprison'd wind is moaning for a vent ;
 As Hamadryads mourn the woodman's stroke,
 Or captive *Ariel* from the rifted oak.

20

The god, in form a *Scottish* pedlar stood ;
 He grasp'd a cloth-yard, made of trusty wood ;
 Red were the plaited honours of his head ;
 An ample wallet o'er his shoulders spread.

“ Sleep’st thou (the vision cry’d) unthrifty loon ?

“ A *Scottish* chairman snore till twelve at noon !

“ Ev’n beaus and belles already rub their eyes :

“ Degen’rate stripling ! to thy labours rise.

“ Ill fits it him whom golden hopes invite,

“ All day to slumber, or to snore all night.

“ Behold this hairy pouch, ’tis lin’d with gold,

“ Three times I fill’d it since the moon grew old.

“ True, thou art honour’d at *Cotyto*’s board ;

“ But does thy countess pour a golden hoard ?

“ What !

- " What ! art thou meanly gull'd with pleasure's name ?
 " And wouldst thou, *gratis*, meet a lady's flame ?
 " Never, oh ! never till a barren foil ;
 " Let profit be the fruit of strength and toil.
 " Thy strength for gain was given thee from above ;
 " With rev'rence use it,---claim the fare of love." 40

He smote him thrice, and at his face he threw
 The hairy pouch, and thro' a key-hole flew.
 Chill'd with amaze, up sprung the starting swain,
 His bosom throbbing with the stings of gain :
 Much he revolv'd the lore within his mind,
 Much at the pleasures of the night repin'd ;
 The future profits of his strength survey'd,
 And saw that am'rous chairmen should be paid.
 " Why did I toil the weary livelong night ?
 " What profit crowns me with the dawning light ? 50
 " How was I paid ?---these empty pockets hide,
 " All conscious night ! left brother *Scots* deride.
 " Now, by the dark brown hills, and shades that fail,
 " Roll'd in their clouds, along my native vale,

" 'Twas

" 'Twas base !—but heav'n inspires,—a lucky cast ;
 " All is not lost, nor is th' occasion past.
 " Let high-born youths, of soft and feeble mould,
 " Bestow their passion, and bestow their gold ;
 " The chairman's love, of more exalted kind,
 " Deserves a meed, a meed shall surely find ; 60
 " I will be paid my price,—I will, by heav'n !
 " Nor squander talents for my profit giv'n."

Fierce as the courser swims the foamy tides,
 And darts like lightning to his snorting brides ;
 Fierce as the lions despoil'd of young ;
 Fierce as the panther by an arrow stung ;
 Fierce as the crocodile with mailly shell,
 Or keen Hyena, fellest of the fell ;
Macpherson flies, as direful passions goad,
 And soon he reach'd *Glycerias*' proud abode. 70

Scarce sixteen summers o'er her head had roll'd,
 In years an infant, but in pleasures old.
 A noble youth, of antique virtuous strain,
 Had sought the maid amidst the rural train ;

His

His honest heart her artless manners move,
 A precious mine she seems, of gentle love.
 Her mother bustled in domestic cares ;
 Her father call'd the house to nightly pray'rs ;
 Nought had she view'd beyond a simple squire,
 A village ball had bounded her desire. 80

The god of marriage strew'd the bridal bed,
 And Cupids seem'd to hover round his head.
 Young as she was, the wily maid, with art
 Could hide the plaits and foldings of the heart ;
 But who shall paint, the thousand fiends that lay
 Veil'd in reserve, and shun'd the piercing day ?
 Lust, envy, rage, revenge, a yelling train,
 Death to the fight, and madness to the brain ;—
 She fought each school of folly, to his cost ;
 And not a single document was lost : 90
 For pearls dissolv'd, her costly thirst wou'd call,
 And mortgage manors, for a single ball :
 By fashion plum'd, to sail thro' clouds of vice,
 And chace the high-born meteors of caprice,
 She join'd the patriot roll of public wives,
 And us'd the licence which a husband gives ;

Inflam'd the town with fires that long had glow'd,
 And practis'd all her working fancy shew'd.
 From humble nest, thus giddy, vain and loud,
 The lark ascends and mixes with the cloud. 100

Diffolv'd in indolence *Glycerias* lay ;
 And curst th' intrusion of her lord and day.
 Endow'd by nature, and adorn'd by art,
 With ev'ry charm to win a gentle heart,
 Her couch's side, the youth, unheeded, prest ;
 Far other objects fill'd the matron's breast.
 With sick disgust, his teizing love she bears,
 His words unnoted, roll upon her ears ;
 Her wand'ring mind recalls *Cotytto's* rite,
 The loves, the joys, the chairmen of the night. 110
 Nor beauty, now, nor youth, nor wit inflames ;
 More solid merit charms the modish dames.
 Thou, gen'rous youth, who wouldst thine honor save,
 Oh ! shun the fires as th' untimely grave ;
 Beware, as down th' expanse of life you glide,
 The gilded flies that float upon the tide ;

Of filk and feathers are their sportive wings ;
 But be not caught with artificial things :
 All downy soft the tinsel insects shew ;
 But fear the bearded hook that lurks below.

120

“ For ever in *Cotytto*’s fane to live,
 “ For ever die, ’tis all the gods can give ;
 “ If gods there be”—with sudden fury stung,
Glycerias cry’d, and from her husband flung.
 When from the hall her *Sawney*’s tone she knew,
 She rag’d indignant, till the youth withdrew :
 Not more enrag’d the freezing audience low’rs,
 When long-drawn sermons waste the wintry hours.
 Freed from the clog, with eager love she ran,
 She flew, to clasp the much-enduring man ;
 Yet inly wonder’d that, disdaining rest,
 So soon again he hasted to her breast—
 But so surpriz’d as none but she can tell
 Who lov’d a chairman, and who lov’d so well—
 “ Lady, I come, with stamm’ring tongue, he said,
 “ I come—I come—my Lady—to be paid.”

130

As

As when the traveller rushes on the brake
 Where sleeps in mazy folds the darting snake ;
 As when a stripling moves in proud array,
 And meets an unpaid taylor in his way ;
 As when the bolt of *Jove*, descending red,
 Inflames the hay-stack, o'er the shepherds head,
 Aghast in pale dismay, *Glycerias* stood ;
 Surprize and horror chill'd her curdling blood :
 " How ?---paid" --- (the disappointed-fair-one cries,
 Indignant lightnings flashing from her eyes)
 " Hast thou forgot the live-long night of love ?
 " And cannot beauty charm, nor kindness move ?
 " Ungen'rous youth! avaunt! my fight forbear ;
 " I look'd for pleasure---and of payment hear.---
 " With purer flames, an *Irish* chairman glows,
 " Nor sordid cares, nor selfish aims he knows.
 " Bear witness, Night, with all thy starry train !
 " Can faithful lovers dream of sordid gain ?
 " Did *Venus* buy the love of *Mars* with gold ?
 " Was thine, *Rinaldo*, to th' enchantress * fold ?

140

150

* *Armida*.

" Did

- " Did strong *Alcides* from the *Lydian* dame
 " Demand the payment of a mutual flame ?
 " Or sings the bard, that in *Alcina's* grove
 " 'Twas gold inflam'd the *Paladine* * to love ?"

160

- " Such dreams," he cried, " may suit the childish throng,
 " May well adorn a novel or a song:
 " A voice there is, that whispers in mine ear,
 " The voice of gain, which *Scotchmen* always hear;
 " Love is a toil—a livelihood, a trade;
 " And prudent lovers should for love be paid.—
 " What think'st thou humble chairmen can afford
 " To give their toil for nothing, like a lord ?
 " Last night, last night, the pleasures past behold,
 " And let me feel thy gratitude in gold.—
 " Nay bend not, lady, such an angry frown;
 " Lest *Sawney* give thy secret to the town;
 " Lest gaunt and grim, before thy starting eyes,
 " The hated fiends of nuptial discord rise,

170

* Ruggiero. vid. *Ariosto*.

“ Proctors and advocates, a ghastly train ;
 “ And scrolls and parchments load the groaning plain.”

Vain are the pleading eyes, the melting tears,
 Soft speech, careffes, and becoming fears ;
 Nor pleading eyes, nor soothing words controul
 Th’ unfeeling rigour of his venal foul. 180

Lefs fix’d where cold *Ripbean* hills arife,
 Some rigid pine the mountain storm defies ;
 Or some vast mole repells the toiling main,
 And whirlwinds howl, and waters dafh in vain.
 Th’ afflicted matron loos’d the strings of gold,
 And from the spangled purfe, an off’ring told ;
 Twice twenty guineas of the pureft ore,
 Five double piftoles, and a Louisd’ore :
 Nor voice of dun, nor haughty bailiff’s frown,
 Need ftartle him who call’d the ftore his own.* 190

“ And is this trifle all—for love like mine ?
 “ Why do thy tinkets gleam ? thy bracelets fhine ?

* Οὐ κεν ἀλγεῖν Ἀνδρῶν, &c. HOMER.

" I scorn thy niggard boon, ungrateful dame,

" Give me thy bracelets, or expect thy shame."

Her snowy wrists with pearly chains were bound,

And orient gems th' enamell'd figure crown'd ;

Never, to grace the laughter-loving dame,

From Vulcan's forge, a brighter trinket came :

With greedy eyes the venal *Sawney* view'd

The precious trifles, and his claim pursu'd :

200

With less desire *Tarpeia* view'd of yore

The golden bracelets her besiegers bore ;

In evil hour—alike to shame betray'd,

The *Scottish* chairman and the *Roman* maid.

Glycerias cry'd, " May lightning strike me dead !

" Or yawning earth close trembling o'er my head !

" Ere thou, the vilest of the chairman band,

" Possess the bracelet, from my tender hand.

" Is this the wretch that found *Glycerias* kind ?

" Thus, thus, I give my passion to the wind—

210

" 'Twere better with a spouse, to mope forlorn,

" Than trust a chairman, and endure his scorn.

" Who waits below ?—Fly, seize this ruffian wight ;

" His instant suff'rings shall regale my fight ;

" Yon

“ Yon horse-pond shall his infolence confound ;

“ Haste, plunge him ; let him swim, like puppy drown'd.”

Can blind revenge, by stormy passion led,
The level paths of sober reason tread ?
Can manly firmness bursting rage controul ?
How then, should woman's soft and pliant soul ? 220
As when his keepers, (cruel so to save)
Would plunge the maniac in the briny wave ;
The menial bands the valiant *Scot* enclose ;
(O'erpower'd, he sinks beneath an host of foes)
By legs and arms the roaring victim take,
And soufe he plunges in the fable lake.
So roars, so struggles, to the temple led,
The snowy steer, by fair *Clitumnus* bred.
So, when the shepherds shear the fleecy train,
The ram resists them, but resists in vain. 230
Wet as a water-dog, *Macpherson* stood,
And shook from all his robes th' unwholsome flood ;
The fetid trophies of the deep he bears,
And weeps from top to toe with inky tears.

Yet,

Yet, dank and chill without, within retire,
 To warm his breast, the sparks of godlike ire ;
 And, sputt'ring mud,—“ Revenge ! Revenge ! ” he cry'd ;
 Revenge, Revenge, the vocal squares reply'd.
 He curst his love, he curst the vengeful dame,
 He curst *Cotytto's* rites, and mystic flame. 240
 Some fiend inspires, to make the secret known,
 And glut with tales of shame the spiteful town ;
B--w--st---t he fought, as desp'rate fury led ;
 And direful projects labour'd in his head.

END OF THE THIRD CANTO.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

LESS welcome is *Aurora's* dawning light
 To mariners dismay'd, whose bark all night
 Lay toft and beaten, by the furious wave,
 That eddying rolls thro' many a stormy cave ;
 Less welcome to the bee, th' enamell'd flow'r ;
 Less welcome to the mead, the vernal show'r ;
 Less welcome to the bird, the shady grove,
 Less welcome evening, to the wish of love ;
 Than *B-w-ft---* to th' offended *Sawney's* eyes,
 While hopes of vengeance on his soul arise.

10

He seeks the Justice, awful sage, who fways
 With iron rod, and petty fin dismays ;
 The vagrant *Cupids*, and the stealthy band,
 By *Hermes* grac'd with fob-exploring hand :

The sage, whom bailiffs serve, and culprits fear,
 Mild to the wealthy, to the poor severe.
 His better fist, tremendous, wields the scale,
 And pound and ounce, deals justice by retail ;
 His left a mighty purse for gold extends,
 And, as the gold is paid, the scale he bends. 20

The happy morn, was mark'd with fame and spoil,
 Five captive robbers crown'd the sage's toil ;
 In fancy, now, he told the price of blood,
 And saw them dang'ling from the fatal wood.
 Ten mother harlots footh'd him with a fee,
 The rising profits fill'd his soul with glee.
 He shut his shop, and drown'd his cares in wine,
Oporto's vintage, bev'rage anodyne :
 His brother justices were plac'd around,
 Their plates with pudding and with beef were crown'd. 30
 There, too, was set a hoary babe of grace,
 And wine and wisdom brighten'd ev'ry face ;
 While, as the potent fumes pervade the pate,
 They marshal armies, and reform the state ;

In full-voiced choir a hundred topics blend,
And now the people, now the pavements mend.

A train of suitors, round the portal croud,
Thick as the clustering bees, a buzzing cloud,
When sudden rains along the meadow drive,
Or patt'ring hail compels them to their hive ; 40
Thick as the ghosts, along the *Stygian* shore,
When *Charon's* boat the pious *Trojan* bore.*
At once by nature, and by fury strong,
Th' impetuous *Sawney* rushes thro' the throng.
Louder than swine pursue their grunting way,
And squeak in prescience of the mortal day,
When *Avon* sees full many a glass-house rise,
And many a slaughter'd hog the crimson pavement dyes ;
Or goose, prophetic of approaching rain,
With flagging pinions scorns the dusty plain ; 50
The furious chairman thunder'd, storm'd, and growl'd,
From room to room, the threats of vengeance howl'd.

* VIRGIL. *Æneid* VI.

Dismay'd,

Dismay'd, aghast, the pale assistants stand ;
 Nor bolts nor bars his headlong rage withstand ;
 Quick, as the lightning cleaves the solid earth,
 He burst irrev'rent on the scene of mirth.

“ A boon, a boon, time-honour'd firs,” he cries,
 “ Your country calls you ; from the banquet rise.
 “ Shall justice fail in *B—w—t*’s honour’d walls ?
 “ Or magistrates carouse, when glory calls ?
 “ Do you the scourge for humble vices hold,
 “ While proud offences riot uncontroll’d ?
 “ Why hawk at larks and tits, when nobler game,
 “ Pheasants and barnacles, your pounces claim ?
 “ If city spouse the name of cuckold scorns,
 “ And men of worship hate the growth of horns,
 “ Forfake your petty cares ; to tasks aspire
 “ Of bold emprise, that all your nerves require.
 “ *Cotytto*’s rites—oh how shall I declare !
 “ What foul pollutions taint the midnight air.
 “ Less monstrous rout, less hateful rites were found,
 “ Where ocean clipt th’ abodes of *Circe* round.

“ By magic rear’d, the guilty palace tow’rs ;

“ And maids and matrons croud the loathsome bow’rs.

“ Watchmen and bailiffs may confound their pride :

“ Undaunted march, with Fortune for your guide.

“ Nor think, I call you to a barren toil ;

“ Your virtue shall be paid, with mighty spoil.

“ These feats the wealth of various climes display,

“ *Guiana, Lybia, Indus, and Cathay,* 80

“ In glad profusion heap’d ; and wonders strange,

“ As ever yet were wrought, by magic change,

“ Rehears’d in hall, or bow’r, by tuneful train,

“ Of classic, *tuscan*, or *provençal* strain.”

He said, and, lo ! with sudden ardour fir’d,

Which hopes of plunder and renown inspir’d,

They cried, they shouted ;—voices voices drown’d ;

And watchmen, bailiffs, constables came round.

Never at tourney met a bolder throng ;

Not peers of *Charlemaign* renown’d in song : 90

Not *Circe*’s stabled rout more loudly roars ;

Not louder Ocean when he rends the shores.

The *Methodist* alone their fury stay’d ;

“ The bottle is not out”, he would have said ;

But

But thirst of plunder might not brook delay,
 Their vortex swept the holy man away.
 “ Huzza !” (they cried) “ down with *Cotyto* ! down !”
 Down with *Cotyto* ! rings thro’ half the town.
 Wine added courage to their rageful mood,
 Wings to their feet ;—before the fane they stood. 100
 In front *Macpherson* strode, to point the way,
 And guide the blood-hounds to their destin’d prey.
 Their valiant hands display, nor sword, nor shield,
 But biting axe, and weighty mattock wield :
 Nor vainly wield ; with many a thund’ring stroke,
 The solid iron yields, and massive oak :
 The shiver’d gates in airy splinters fly ;
 And shouts of triumph rend the vaulted sky.

Ah ! hapless mortals ! little do they know
 The future moments, while the present flow. 110
Cotyto’s train again their rites pursu’d,
 Again the banquet and the song renew’d.—
 Oh horror ! horror ! madness ! pale affright !
 Confusion ! anguish ! what a baleful sight !

The horrid myrmidons possess the fane,
 Watch, bailiffs, constables, a grimly train :
 “ Oh ! lost, undone ! ” each screaming matron cries ;
 (“ *Oh ! lost, undone !* ” each sturdy swain replies) 120
 “ No time allow’d the head-dress to repair,
 “ Adjust the gown, or recompose the air.
 “ Uncivil brutes ! why so abruptly come ?
 “ Are these the manners of a drawing-room ? ”
 So mourn’d, but vainly mourn’d, each gentle dame ;
 And fled, but vainly fled, to hide her shame.
 Thus, when the bucks pursue their dappled loves,
 And *Cupid* revels thro’ th’ enamour’d groves,
 Should some fell mastiff on the plain appear,
 The *Paphian* rites are lost, in panic fear. 130

Cynopis only, calm, and dauntless stood ;
 Nor fear’d th’ approaching shame, nor men of blood.
 Full fifty winters o’er her loves had roll’d ;
 And commerce with reproach, had made her bold :
 But, that her front its borrow’d tresses shows,
 The snows of age had whiten’d on her brows.

“ Degen’rate

- " Degen'rate matrons! dry those idle tears,
 " And banish aukward shame and infant fears.
 " Why, for a common ill, this childish woe?
 " 'Tis what each wife must in her season know. 140
 " Say, what is infamy? a shade, a name,
 " A mere hobgoblin, baby minds to tame.
 " Does scandal wound the person or the purse?
 " Or is a sep'rate maintenance, a curse?
 " Here, daughters! here—to hush the stormy breast,
 " Behold this vase! with streams of mighty zest
 " 'Tis fill'd, an opiate to th' afflicted dame,
 " From plains of *Nants* the lov'd *Nepenthe* came:
 " Each to her lips the hallow'd phial guide,
 " And quaff with long-drawn gulps the racy tide. 150
 " Its power was known, in old heroic times;
 " Its power is sung, in ever-honour'd rhymes.
 " The *Cretan* damsel mourn'd along the shore;
 " But *Bacchus* cheer'd her, and she wept no more.
 " My daughters, learn to throw your shame aside,
 " Or rather, turn your scandal to your pride:
 " Nor mourn, my dear allies, a husband gone;
 " The town shall fifty husbands give for one.

- " Are we not form'd, by Nature's darling art,
 " To feel a thousand passions, and impart ? 160
 " Vain were this store of wishes, and of charms,
 " If Nature doom'd us for a husband's arms.
 " The boundless pow'rs, to bless, and to be blest,
 " Gods ! shall we waste them on a single breast ?
 " No, conscious of our charter let us rove ;
 " The kind Sultanas of promiscuous love."

Her words and cordial re-assur'd the dames ;

When thus, O Connor from the croud exclaims :

(O Connor, stoutest swain of Erin's race,

In strength Alcides, Hyacinth in grace.) 170

" Assembled dames, and finewy chairmen hear :

" Why are your spirits 'pall'd with dastard fear ?

" Say, why to chairmen hath all-bounteous heav'n

" The brawny fist, and mighty muscles giv'n ?

" For fight ! for fight !---th' inspiring god I feel,

" New string my shoulders, and my knuckles steel ;

" My bosom trembles with informing flame,

" The rage of battle, and the thirst of fame.

" Spirit

" Spirit of *Fin Macool*, from shades below,
 " And thou, *Cotytto* ! hear the solemn vow ; 180
 " O' *Connors*, hear ! from you my lineage springs,
 " The long, long series of *Conatian* kings ;
 " Hear, *Brian Bokumb* ! from the realms of night ;
 " And thou, *Milesius* ! matchless in thy might ;
 " This very day shall stout O *Connor* fall ;
 " Or yon base squadrons fly the sacred wall."

With mighty hand, a candlestick he sent,
 Th' extinguish'd candle smoulder'd as it went ;
 Thus, red and dismal, with portentous glare,
 The comet rushes thro' the poison'd air. 190
Sawney the first-fruits of his treason found ;
 O *Connor*'s prowess fell'd him to the ground :
 Th' undaunted chief pursues the vig'rous blow ;
 And many a mighty constable lay low.
 Jugs, pitchers, bottles, candlesticks he flung,
 And crackling glasses round their temples fung.
 There *Wagstaff*, *Crabtree*, *Clodpole*, *Foltbead* died,
 From *Elbow*'s nostrils, gush'd a crimson tide.

As skilful reapers lay the swath along,
 In fows, O Connor fell'd the cuckold throng;
 Or, as, in slaughter-house the butchers stand,
 And oxen sink, whenever they raise the hand.

Forth step a Justice, rev'rend, grave and wife;

" Brothers, let's read the *Riot Act*," he cries,

And sunk;—for on his head, enormous weight,

A huge commode descends with all its freight.

Scarce could five beaux the vase within sustain;

By *Pbelim* hurl'd it scatter'd drizzling rain;

The shiver'd urn in painted atoms flew,

And amber streams the prostrate chief bedew. 210

O'Carrol next th' eventful combat tries;

Flung by his hand, a copious punch-bowl flies;

On Justice *Guzzle*'s vasty head it fell,

And stunn'd him, with the vase he lov'd so well.

With *Paddy*, *Murtagh* to the battle flew;

And one a dish, and one a sauce-boat threw:

The dish and ortolans divinely led,
 Alight and rest on Justice *Turtle's* head;
 Well could he teach where fattest venison roves,
 What shores the turbot, what the lobster loves; 220
 The God of eating gave the wond'rous lore;
 Now lifeless, cold, his learning is no more.
 The sauce-boat, at a full-fed Justice thrown,
 Err'd from its mark, yet brought a bailiff down.

Nor were the matrons wanting to the fray;
 With martial cries they share the well-fought day.
 Fierce as the dames of rocky *Cyrnus* * stood,
 And dy'd their free-born hands in *Gallia* blood;
 Or fiercer *Amazons*, renown'd of old,
 Th' embattled car by freezing *Tanais* roll'd. 230
 Rage lends them weapons for the deathful field;
 Some brandish knives, and others ladles wield.
 The proud *Gorgopis* in the van appears,
 A burning poker in her hand she bears.

* The ancient name of *Corfica*.

In evil hour the *Methodist* was nigh ;
 Deep, deep, she plung'd the weapon in his eye ;
 His eye, that well with holy leer could rove,
 And youthful sisters call to works of love.
 So when the *Cyclops* gorg'd with carnage lay,
 Where cavern'd rocks immur'd the human prey, 240
 And doom'd to future feasts the *Grecian* band ;
Laertes' offspring seiz'd the glaring brand ;
 The hissing flames devour'd the orb of fight,
 And plung'd the savage in eternal night.
 A polish'd mirror *Philomise* hurl'd,
 It darted lightnings as in air it whirl'd ;
 Its scatter'd fragments on the floor display
 A second combat, and reflected fray.
 Now loud and frequent rose the din of fight ;
 As howlings o'er the *Lybian* wilds by night ; 250
 Loud as when shrieking *Bacchæ* rend the sky,
 And, crown'd with ivy, toss their spears on high.
 Th' invading bands recoil, with heartless fear,
 Flight in the van, confusion in the rear.

One chief, and one alone, undaunted stood ;
 A mighty pole he grasp'd of pond'rous wood :
 Once had he ply'd a barge on silver *Thame*,
 But now a watchman, *Midnight* was his name.
 A nymph of *Billingsgate*, with am'rous fire,
 Inflam'd a god, and *Neptune* was his fire : 260
 His war-like son, the god with favour view'd,
 And youthful vigour in his age renew'd.
 Beneath his arm, *Cynopis*, *Lycis*, died,
 And fierce *Gorgopis* in her tow'ry pride ;
Glycerias, *Biblis*, and *Bacchante* fell,
 Fair *Philomifge* sought the shades of hell.
 To quell his rage, the daring *Murtagh* flew,
 And at the chief a brazen *Venus* threw,
 Torn from the solid base ; with erring course
 She fled, and on a Justice spent her force. 270
 The puissant watchman, with a mighty thrust
 Returns th' assault,—and *Murtagh* bites the dust ;
 Yet not in death ; reserv'd by *Jove's* decree
 Ere long to perish on the gallow tree.

Young *Paddy* next th' unequal combat dares ;
 Fair on his shoulders wav'd the clust'ring hairs,
 And o'er his cheeks the bloom of beauty rov'd ;
 Him *Lycis* woo'd, and *Philomifge* lov'd.
 A noble youth, (as from the chace he came,)
 His mother view'd, and felt an am'rous flame ; 280
 Her snowy smocks on *Slany's* bank she dry'd,
 The youth comprest her, by the river's side.
 Endow'd with beauteous form and manly grace,
 Young *Paddy* issu'd from the stol'n embrace ;
 In early life, the fleecy care he fed,
 But envious fate his steps to *London* led :
 Unhappy youth ! he feels a gory wound,
 The shades of death his swimming eyes surround.
 So some tall holy-hock, furcharg'd with rain,
 Droops the bright head, and fades upon the plain. 290

Now ev'ry Justice to the fight returns ;
Cotytto's bands recoil, the combat burns ;
 Confusion on confusion, rout on rout,
 The groan of anguish, the victorious shout.

But

But valiant *Thady* cheers the fainting throng ;
 Him *Shelab* bore, unrival'd in the song ;
 His fire in darkness piped on *Ullin's* plain,
 Heav'n snatch'd his fight, but gave th' immortal strain. 300

The pious warrior thus preferr'd his pray'r :

" Hear, great *Cotytto* ! from thy cloudy chair ;
 " If worthy homage at thy shrine I paid,
 " Or grateful strains before thy altar play'd,
 " Give me to chace yon watchman from the fray,
 " And seize his pole, the trophy of the day :
 " With sculpture grac'd, that votive pole shall stand,
 " Myfterious enfign to thy pious band."

He grasp'd a stove (his arms *Cotytto* strung),
 And stove and embers at the watchman flung : 310
 The burning coals descend, like shooting stars,
 That glance the signals of impending wars ;
 Fate stops the watchman's breath, and seals his eyes ;
 He falls, and grinning on the pavement lies.
 So grinning, lies, deform and stiff with gore,
 The lordly lion, or the tusky boar.
 With shouts the victor seiz'd his captive pole ;
 Tumbling in heaps on heaps, th' invaders roll ;

Cotyto's train pursued them as they fled,
And tall O Connor thunder'd at their head. 320

But *Methodism* sublime in air appear'd ;
A bloody standard to the mob she rear'd ;
Her red right hand a flaming firebrand bore,
And Suicide had stain'd her robes with gore.
Demoniac Frenzy clamour'd at her side,
Despairing Anguish, and religious Pride.
In peals of thunder, to the croud she calls :
“ Raze, raze, my children ! yon *Gomorra's* walls ;
“ There dwells the golden calf, and *Rimmon's* star ;
“ And whores of *Babylon* convoke from far 1730
“ Children of *Belial*, an incestuous croud,
“ As mourn'd for *Thammuz*, or to *Baalim* bow'd.”
Prompt at her call, beneath the Goddess stand,
The footy *Mulcibers*, a daring band ;
The countless tribes that flying shuttles guide,
And butchers fell in gory crimson dy'd.

Now

Now dire difmay thro' half the town had rung,
 More hideous rout than ever poet fung;
 And youths and matrons had resign'd their life;
 But *Jove* descends to calm the rising strife. 340
 The King of Gods in awful state appears;
 With stedfast hand the golden scale he bears,
 Incumbent, sailing on his eagle's plume;
 Behind him rides his new Apostle *Hume* : *
 With mighty pounce, th' imperial bird of *Jove*,
 Wields the red bolt that awes the Gods above.
 The God, severe, and dreadfully serene,
 Reproves *Cotytto*, and the rival Queen.

* “ If we examine without prejudice the antient heathen mythology as contained in the poets, we shall not discover in it any such monstrous absurdity as we may be apt at first to imagine. Where is the difficulty of conceiving that the same powers and principles, whatever they were, which formed this visible world, men and animals, produced also a species of intelligent creatures of more refined substance and greater authority than the rest? That these creatures may be capricious, revengeful, passionate, voluptuous, is easily conceived; nor is any circumstance more apt amongst ourselves to engender such vices than the licence of absolute authority. And in short the whole mythological system is so *natural*, that in the vast variety of planets and worlds contained in this universe, it seems *more than probable*, that some where or other it is *really* carried into execution.”—Hume's Nat. Hist. of Religion, Sect. 11.—*Essays*, Vol. II. p. 455, 8vo. edit. 1767.

“ Daughters !”

- “ Daughters !” he said, “ forbear the martial strain ;
 “ Sisters ye are, and should like sisters reign. 350
 “ Your labours to a common centre tend ;
 “ By various means, ye seek a common end.
 “ Now hear, with rev'rence hear, your king decide :
 “ Share the dominion, and in peace abide.
 “ Thou, *Methodism*, possesse the city train,
 “ Who find that decent godliness is gain :
 “ *Cotytto*, thou, the courtly band of Vice,
 “ Whose sins demand the haut-gout of caprice ;
 “ Of birth too noble to respect a name,
 “ Of souls too dignified to feel a shame.” 360

The Thund'rer sought the starry-paved abode,
 Where *Hebe* waited and the nectar flow'd.
 Th' obedient Sisters to their temples haste,
 Resume their orgies,—and the war is past.

END OF THE FOURTH CANTO.

✚ The author being at some distance from the press, his last corrections did not arrive till some of the sheets were printed off. The reader is, therefore, requested, after line 72, Canto I. to insert the following verses.

A wond'rous fountain 'midst the fane arose,
 The tepid stream, involv'd in vapours, flows ;
 A subtle Demon o'er the well presides,
 And guilty flames inform the boiling tides.
 Two mighty baths receiv'd it's parted course,
 Of various poison, but of equal force ;
 Their potent magick chang'd the votive race,
 And either sex usurp'd the other's place :
 One, white as milk, subdued the manly kind,
 To female organs, with a female mind ;
 It's neighbour, ruddy like the wine-press ran,
 And bade the woman rise a daring man.

But both alike enkindled foul desires,
 The stormy passions, and the raging fires ;
 Quick, bursting, trembling, flashing on the soul,
 No thought, no pause, no measure, no controul.—
 New from the spring, before the Goddess' eye,
 Their alter'd pow'rs exulting myriads try,

E R R A T A.

CANTO I. l. 47. for *softest* read *downy*.

l. 49. for *sweetest* read *softest*.

l. 111. for *soldiers* read *soldier's*.

CANTO II. l. 49. after *love* dele the full point, and put a comma.

l. 97. for *for* read *from*.

l. 103. after *below* dele the full point, and put a comma.

CANTO III. l. 142. for *shepherds* read *shepherd's*.

E. R. A. T. A.

Canto I. I. 17. for first read down.

I. 18. for second read down.

I. 111. for third read down.

Canto II. I. 49. after first read the full point and put a comma.

I. 97. for second read.

I. 153. after second read the full point and put a comma.

Canto III. I. 143. for third read down.